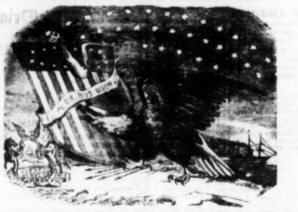

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1685.


## Choice Poetry.

### NOBODY LOVED YOU AS I.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

Nobody loved you as I, Mary,
Nobody loved you as I
*They* would languish and sigh for your love,
I would willingly die.

They would flatter your gentle face,
Acting the traitorous part;
They would lay gold at your feet, Mary,
I would lay down—my heart.

Nobody loved you as I, Mary,
Though by your side they knelt;
They freely *told* their passion,
I was silent—but *felt*.

They made hymns to your beauty,
Called you almost divine;
But my poor heart was longing
Only to call you mine.

Oh! but I feared for you, Mary,
Lured by splendor and gold,
That your truth and your gentle beauty
Might be bought and sold.

For there are those so base, love,
Bearing the name of man,
They mar and desolate innocence
When and wherever they can.

But now I can thank my God, Mary,
As I look in your gentle eyes
For you are my fire-side angel,
*And home is my paradise.*

*Olive Branch.*

## Original Novelet.

### THE LOST HEIRESS: A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.

"I AM MISS HUNTER."

A brow whose frowns are vastly grand,
An eye of sun-lit brightness;
A swan-like neck, an arm and hand
Of most bewitching whiteness.

*Praed.*

Big Len had been very mysteriously busy in his own quarter for three or four evenings in succession. The secret was out upon the fourth morning. It was the day after Daniel Hunter's visit to Silver Creek.

It was a cool morning, and a bright, little wood fire was burning on the hearth in Ellen's parlor.

Ellen sat in one corner of the chimney, buried in deep, mournful thought—her knitting lay un- [illegible]

[illegible]

...waved like the heaving sea, on the far opposite side of which rose, like a rocky coast, the mountains that enclosed Howlet Hall. Maud had drawn on and on, into this forest the lonely child entered, and the trees shut in the path behind her, and still she wandered on, now sauntering leisurely, and stopping to gather some sweet wild wood flower, or to watch the flight of some hare or bird startled from its nest, or herself bounding and skipping and dancing along, and never meaning to go far, and always intending to turn about and get back time enough to prevent Ellen from being uneasy. But what is time or distance to a child running on alone through the forest, enjoying herself with other young life on a fine spring day, and no one to remind her of their existence? Maud rambled on—now stopping to swing upon a hanging grape vine—now to look at some curious, strange growth upon the trunk of a tree—now to watch the slow sailing wing of an eagle in the air, until before she knew it, she came out of the forest, and found herself in the thinly scattered and stunted evergreens that clothed the north side of the mountain that circled around Howlet Hollow. Here against this bleak, north mountain side, lay half thawed the last snow of winter; a dreadful road, all snow and water and mud, deeply guttered by cart wheels, ran along the foot of this mountain, but on the other side of the road, and close under the mountain, grew a thicket of cedars. A narrow, slippery foot-way, made of fragments of rock, led across this deep, muddy road. Little Maud paused when she found herself at the edge of this quagmire. She had an invincible antipathy to mud. But she wished, now that she had got so near it, to go up to the top of that mountain, and look down upon the Hollow; and she felt herself an agile little creature, who could spring lightly over that narrow foot-way of rock without slipping into the deep mud. And so Maud began to cross carefully, keeping her eyes fixed upon the stones—fixed so pertinaciously upon the stones where she was placing her feet, that she did not perceive the approach of another foot-passenger from the thicket of cedars on the other side, or know that any one was meeting her, until a shadow fell across her feet. Then she looked up. And there before her, on the narrow foot path, stood a very young lady, of very imperious look and manner, who drew her slight figure up to its stateliest inches, and stood still, expecting our child to give way. It was quite impossible to pass each other—it was almost equally so to turn back on that narrow, uneven, slippery footing, without falling plump into the mud. One or the other of them would have to make the best of it, and step soberly off the stones into the deep mire, which would be better certainly than to fall down by attempting to push on or to turn back. Little Maud, with an instinctive sense of justice, looked down at her own and her opponent's feet, to see which was best provided for such a muddy venture. The young lady wore nice patent morocco boots, well covered, and defended by gum elastic over-shoes. Maud's little boots were thin and leaky; she raised her dove-like eyes appealingly from them to the face of the young lady, to meet there an insolent, questioning gaze, that who should say,

"How dare you keep me waiting?" and then raising her head arrogantly, she said, with an evident impression, that such an announcement ought to turn our child at once into the mud.

"I am Miss Hunter."

"Mrs. Hunter's little girl?" exclaimed...

[illegible]

## Our Portrait Gallery.

COMMANDER INGRAHAM, U. S. N., CAPTAIN OF THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR ST. LOUIS.

FROM A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

[illegible]

## Pictures of Life.

### A TIPPERARY DUEL.

BY THE REV. HENRY GILES.

Some time ago, a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, giving an account of the famous duel between O'Connell and D'Esterre, incidentally alluded to a young man named Shaw, who fell in a duel of peculiar malignity. The writer draws a moral from the fact, but does not detail the narrative; the writer of the present sketch will give the narrative, and leave the reader, as best he can, to find the moral. The duel occurred when the writer was between child and boy, but as he was familiar with the neighborhood, and as both the parties were connected with his family, the particulars were deeply impressed on his memory, and still retain their freshness on his mind. Shaw was not, as the article in Blackwood would give us to understand, the challenged person, and dragged into the contest; on the contrary, he was the challenger, and followed up his purpose with sanguinary tenacity. Neither was he so young or inexperienced as we might infer from that article, though doubtless he was fair and healthy-looking as he is there represented. He was not in the mere dawn of manhood, yet he was not much beyond it; he was probably in the beginning of its blooming—its noontide prime; and though he was the challenger, he had received severe provocation.

Let us first acquaint ourselves with the respective combatants. Mr. Shaw was the son of a man who held a position of much respectability in society. He was of that class who used in Ireland to be called middle-men, a class whose members timidly claimed to be a gentleman, and had their claim but coldly met by a body...

[illegible]

...to Shaw. We believe that he rejected all apology. They made an attempt to fight in the next county, but friends were vigilant, and their attempt failed. The matter seemed then, for the moment, to drop; but those who had anxious interest in their hearts, and who understood Shaw, were aware that *he* had made no peace, and would not. He was the centre of a circle in which he was passionately beloved. The active Protestant clergyman of the parish was married to his sister, and no entreaty that affection could urge—no motive that religion could enforce—no eloquence that a man at all times eloquent could use, availed, though now inspired with the grief of a brother and the zeal of a priest—not the whole combined changed, in the least, his will, or staggered, in the least, his purpose. He was gentle, he was kindly, he was calm,—but he was fiercely firm. In business, he was orderly and industrious, as usual; and, in his habits, as he always was, temperate and abstemious. And so weeks passed ever.

In the meantime, how was it with Cooke?—Shaw had the occupation of a regular profession; this filled his hours. Cooke had the idleness of an unemployed and unestated gentleman. Yet, if report spoke truly, Cooke had also that which filled *his* hours. Besides his drinking and his dinners, he was learning, so it was said, his duel exercise. An ample park separated him from the contiguity of dwellings, and, without being disturbed or heard, he could at his ease pursue his pistol-drill. His master and teacher in this science was also his second. This master and teacher was of a species of creature which, so far as we have ever read, infested only Ireland; which is now, it is to be hoped, as extinct there as wolves. Every neighborhood of gentry used to have a hanger-on, who, without any visible means of subsistence, was always well-dressed, well-mounted, and who assumed an aristocratic rank, because he had wasted a fortune, or because his grandfather had wasted one. This itinerant libertine, on the ground of...

[illegible]

## Selected Articles.

### DEATH FROM LIGHTNING.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

A startling calamity breaks in upon this limited history, of what happens at a home. Close to our gate—at the door of one of our nearest and most valued neighbors—a lovely girl was yesterday struck dead by lightning. A friend who stood with her at the moment, a young married lady whom she had come to visit, was a greater sufferer, in being prostrated by the same flash, and paralyzed from the waist downwards—her life spared at the cost of tortures inexpressible. It is hard to make a record of this—fitly, I mean, for the saddened reading of those around us, and the careless reading of the public at large. It was paragraphed in the city papers, and read this morning by thousands who have already forgotten it. Yet, to us, who saw the flash and trembled at the thunder—to us who, but just before, had seen the victim surrounded by friends, happy and admired—the hush and gloom of the calamity now brooding around us, and a feeling as if we must still grasp and fold our own precious ones shelteringly to our bosoms—it is an event for which common and passing mention is not enough. Strong words crowd up to tell it, though, to the hurrying world, with the claims of new and present moments beckoning them on, this mentioning of an "accident" again is but repetition—a recalling of what was flung to the Past with yesterday.

The household from which this finger of lightning plucked its victim, numbered, at the time, as many as fifty-six persons; and they were mostly in sight, grouped about upon the grounds in front of the house, the sultry heat at the...

[illegible]

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1854.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## UNRIVALLED ARRAY OF TALENT.

The Proprietors of the POST, in again meeting before the public, would return thanks for the generous patronage which has been for a science of every class Literary Weekly in America. And, as the only suitable return for such favor and hearty support, their arrangements for 1854 have been made with a degree of liberality probably unexampled in the history of American periodical literature. They have engaged as contributors for the ensuing year, the following list of some array of talent:

MRS. SOUTHWORTH—EMERSON BENNETT—MRS. DENISON—
GRACE GREENWOOD AND FANNY FERN.

—In the first paper of January next, we design commencing an Original Harrist, written expressly for our columns, entitled

### THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "VIOLA," "CLARA MOREAU," "THE FOREST WILD," &c.

This Novelet, by the popular author of "Clara Moreland," we design following by another, called

### THE STEP MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,

Author of "HOME PICTURES," "CHARLES ELWELL," &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

### SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

Whose brilliant and inventive pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post, and her own "Little Pilgrim."

Mrs. Southworth—whose fascinating works are now being rapidly republished in England—also will maintain the old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

### MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;
### OR, THE FATAL VOW.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "THE DEAD OR CAPTIVE," "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c.

And last—not least—we are about to announce a series of articles from one who has rapidly risen very high in popular favor. They will be entitled

### NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,
BY FANNY FERN,

AUTHOR OF "FERN LEAVES," &C.

We expect to be able to commence the Sketches by FANNY FERN—as well as the series by GRACE GREENWOOD—in the early numbers of the coming year.

In addition to the above attractions, Original Tales and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. LENNOX, (one-picture of the writer, costume, scenery, &c.—of British Guiana. Mr. DENNIS JOHNSON, formerly United to British Guiana, &c., has promised to send us some extracts of that portion of the South American world.

Besides the above original contributions, securing a large outlay of money, we shall lay before our readers, as heretofore, choice Tales, Sketches, Essays, Narratives, etc., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the excellence of its selections.

ENGRAVINGS—In the way of engravings we present at least two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, Miscellaneous matter, Monetary and Humorous Notices and Anecdotes, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Book Notes List, etc. etc. nine small for fancy gems.

### CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, when paid quarterly in advance is only 56 cents a year.

### TERMS.

The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance. Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:

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The money for Clubs always must be sent in advance. Bills of specie may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, always, post-paid,

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No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ N. B.—*Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter,* (post-paid.)

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or continue the material portions of it, the balance of new contributors and our terms, for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending to a marked copy of the paper containing the same.

☞ Complimentary notices from other papers, are omitted for want of room.

## Our Correspondents

### OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

BY THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

**Ancient Churches—Protestrans—Innsbruck Legends—Superstitions—Miracles—Pilgrimages—"Mercy-Picture—Devotion.**

*Innsbruck, Tyrol, July 15, 1853.*

MY DEAR C——:

I shall postpone, or omit till a future visit, the account of which I spoke in the conclusion of my last letter. You will notice that the name of the village wherein I now write, and which signifies *Free Church*, is very similar to the Innsbruck, of which I spoke the other day. This appellation evidently points back to the time when the churches here, like those described in Passages which we visited in Scandinavia, were erected from the town taxes or the old forests, built up hastily for worship. Very probably the people, then recently made, and very much like Into Providence in the world we thought them, and happy were the wooden churches of yore, if they then received with whispers as sensible and devout as those dear friends whom we can never forget.

It was a fine, sunshiny morning when I left Innsbruck for a long day's ride, with my guide but my own eyes, Mayer's excellent map, and a pocket-compass. My luggage was reduced to the smallest dimensions, and as it was to be mailed from the Capital of Bavaria, I had no custom-house to visit. This unencumbered, a traveller is entirely independent, and it is astonishing how few our wants really are, when we only have an opportunity of making the discovery. The pedestrian is then free to choose the route over or between hills and valley, and the direction is of little consequence, for in this part of the world every step offers something interesting or new. If there are few inhabitants, the landscape is grand or wild, and if the scenery becomes tamer, and therefore usually more cultivated, the people offer a more lasting and interesting study.—But more correctly speaking, the features of the landscape unite with the manners of the people to interest the stranger, and to make the journey

Few cities surpass Innsbruck itself in beauty of position. Its old towers and domes, capped with immortal associations, rise as it were during seclusion of those Emperors who made the European history of their times, rest upon both sides of the river Inn, which threads the valley like a silver cord. The name of the city itself signifies the "Bridge of the Inn," and here the river was passed on the way to Italy. The Romans made this valley the most eligible means of communication between the Danube and the Rhine. The grandest of the mountains that rise around, both in form and height, crowned with eternal snows, cannot be surpassed. The tract of the Brenner pass, which rises upon both sides at

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1853.

# General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.—We have Liverpool dates to October 22nd.

The Eastern question is unchanged. Omar Pasha's summons to the Russians has been published. It is temperate and manly. Gortschakoff's reply is short and boorish. Hostilities were expected to commence on the 25th. Both armies continued to make active preparations. Abdel Kader is offered the command of the Turkish forces, but he awaits permission from the French Government. The Turks are voluntarily pouring immense treasures into the Treasury. The combined fleets of England and France have been ordered to the Dardanelles, but are not to enter the Black Sea, except on the hostile advance of the Russians.

The Sultan has granted a firman to an English company to construct a ship canal from Rossova to the Black Sea, thus superseding the mouths of the Danube.

The Turkish Ambassador at Paris denies, it is said, that the Czar threatens the extermination of the Turks. On the contrary, it was reported that the Czar would soon issue a peace manifesto.

The Sultan has demanded that not only shall the fleets of France and England pass the Dardanelles, but, in addition, shall cruise in the Black Sea, in order to prevent the Russians drawing their provisions from Sebastopol. It is stated that this demand has been necessitated by the reduction of the Turkish fleet in the Bosphorus, many of which are employed in transporting the reinforcements to the army of Ali Pacha in Asia.

A letter from Constantinople, states that a contract has been made for the purchase of 6,000 horses in the South of Persia, for the Turkish army, with the consent of the Shah of Persia.

From Varna, a dispatch, dated the 29th of September, says: "Omar Pasha has organized a regiment of Pontonniers, whose instruction was making rapid progress every day. He has nearly completed all the *material* for throwing a bridge across the river, but it is not expected that he will make any movement until next spring."

It is believed that Prince Paskiewitch will command the Russian troops should they enter [illegible]

## NEWS ITEMS.

The Picayune learns from Mexico that Gen. Gadsden is getting along smoothly with Santa Anna, in his negotiations with regard to the Mecilla Valley. It has been agreed that neither the American nor Mexican troops shall occupy the Mecilla Valley while the negotiations are pending. Good feeling is represented to prevail towards the United States Government.

TROUBLE AMONG THE CAMPBELLITES.—The followers of Rev. Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, Va., have become dissatisfied with his teachings on the subject of slavery. To remedy the evil, they propose calling a Convention at Cleveland, on the second Wednesday in January next. Mr. C. is in favor of the gradual abolition of slavery.

A STRIKE AGAINST SEWING-MACHINES.—Among the bodies striking, or on the eve of striking, in London, may be numbered the female cloak and mantle makers. They have held a meeting to express their opposition to the American sewing-machine.

Eastern agents are employed throughout the Western part of New York, in buying up the apple crop for the Eastern market. The farmers generally receive fifty cents per bushel for good fruit.

SENSIBLE GIRL.—A young lady of Newport, who was about leaving the "gay and festive scene," which the parlors of the "Ocean" presented, with the intention of retiring for the night, turned to her friend and remarked:—"Well, Mary, I've done my duty; I have seen all the clothes, and everybody has seen mine, so I shall now go up stairs, good-night." What could be more graphic? The very mottos of a fashionable watering-place; to see and be seen.—*Newport Mercury.*

HEAVY THEFT.—In New York, on Monday of last week, $27,810 of bills of the Bank of the State of New York, were stolen from said Bank.

HEROISM AND WOODEN LEGS.—Santa Anna, who treads slowly—for a natural reason—but valorously, in the steps of Louis Napoleon, has according to the last advices from Mexico, issued a formal decree forbidding the making of caricatures of himself or his Ministers.

The people of Wisconsin have such a poor appreciation of editors, that they condemn as many as possible to the drudgery of public office. All the candidates for Secretary of State, are editors, viz: Mr. Gray, of the Janesville Standard; Mr. Hadley, of the Watertown Chronicle; and Mr. Sholes, of the Kenosha Telegraph.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, dramatized on Mrs. Stowe's novel, has been performed in New York 100 nights.

Lucy Stone has been lecturing at Louisville, to crowded houses.

RAIN WATER A PREVENTIVE OF CHOLERA.—Mr. John Lea, of Cincinnati, in a long communication to the Gazette, states, as a fact, that "cholera never becomes epidemic in any dis- [illegible]

## POLITICAL NEWS.

LETTER FROM ATTORNEY-GENERAL CUSHING TO MR. FROTHINGHAM OF BOSTON, EXPLAINING THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COALITIONISTS.—The following is Mr. Cushing's letter, which has caused such a great sensation. It is said to have been submitted before sending, to the President and Cabinet, and unanimously approved. Mr. Frothingham is the junior editor of the Boston Post:

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1853.

"*Dear Sir:* I perceive that in several Counties in Massachusetts, Coalition Senatorial tickets have been formed of associated Democrats and Free-Soilers. My judgment is, that the Democrats who have participated in this, have done worse than to commit a fatal error. They have abandoned a principle which is fundamental. To support or vote for the Free-Soilers of Massachusetts, is to give countenance and power to persons engaged avowedly in the persistant agitation of the Slavery question, and therefore hostile in the highest degree to the determined policy of the Administration. The President entertains immovable convictions on this point, as I have had occasion to express to you heretofore, and all of us whom he has called to the public service here, most heartily and zealously sustain his views on the subject as being the only ones consistent with personal honor, the success of the Democratic party, the general welfare of the country, the integrity of the Constitution, or the permanency of this Union. If there be any purpose more fixed than another in the mind of the President and those with whom he is accustomed to consult, it is that the dangerous element of Abolitionism, under whatever guise or form it may present itself, shall be crushed out, so far as his administration is concerned. This the President declared in his Inaugural—this he has declared ever since, at all times, and in all places when he had occasion to speak on the subject.

"While he does not assume to judge of the hearts of men who publicly avow sound principles, he only needs overt acts to show where they are, in order that his settled policy in the conduct of the affairs of the Government shall be unequivocally manifest. Those who have apprehended halting or hesitation on the part of the President, in treading any path which truth and patriotism open to him, will find themselves greatly mistaken. He is up to this occasion. His policy was not hastily settled. While he occupies his present position it will never be departed from. The Constitutional rights of all the States of the Union are as dear to him as the rights of New Hampshire.

"I have perceived from the outset that this great principle of the Constitutional rights of the States is fastened in his thoughts as the corner-stone of this Union. Depend upon it, no matter what consequences may impend over him, he will never allow it to be shaken by Abolitionists or factionists; but will set his face like flint as well against right-handed backslidings as against left-handed defections which may [illegible]

☞ SEARS' PICTORIAL WORKS.—The attention of the reader is solicited to the advertisement of the series of Pictorial books, issued from the press of Mr. Sears. These books have met, and are meeting with a large sale throughout the Union, and the two latest publications, "China and India," and "Thrilling Incidents in the Wars of the United States," are in every way equal to the other works in point of attraction and interest. What he wishes to obtain is, competent Agents in every section of the country. The readiness of their sale offers great inducements for persons to embark in their disposal, and as they are of a high moral and unexceptionable character, there are none but who can conscientiously contribute to their circulation. Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the Publisher $25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices) carefully boxed, insured, and directed, affording a very liberal per centage to the Agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly.

nov12-3t

# The Markets.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5, 1853.

REMARKS.—There has been but a limited amount of business doing since our last report, and but few changes to notice in prices. Cotton has been in better demand, owing principally to the favorable accounts from Europe and the South—an improvement has been realized. Flour and Wheat have also been in better demand, and prices have advanced since the receipt of the foreign advices. Corn Meal have been in limited request, and prices of the latter have declined. Coal and Iron are in good demand at full rates. Lead is held firmly. Leather is scarce, and prices tend upward. The active season for Lumber is about over, and the sales have been limited. Spirits of Turpentine have again advanced. Fish Oils of all descriptions are in better demand and prices have advanced, owing to the accounts from the Pacific of the failure of the whaling fleet. Provisions have been very quiet, and the sales on a very restricted scale. In Coffee, Sugar and Molasses, there has also been but a small trade doing. Rice is held firmly. Cloverseed is in demand, but there is very little offering. In Teas and Tobacco no change. In Wool there is no new feature to notice. In Freights there is a fair business doing.

Imports at the Port of Philadelphia for the month of October, 1853.

[illegible]

## THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

## SPITTING OF BLOOD.

[illegible]

## CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

## ALMANAC.

[illegible]

# Marriages.

[illegible]

# Deaths.

[illegible]

## T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

# Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorised travelling agents.

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5. THE POTIPHARS IN PARIS, a letter from Miss Caroline Pettitoes to Mrs. Settum Downe.
6. CASSITEROLOGY, a Chapter on Money.
7. ROUEN.
8. THE PACIFIC RAILROAD AND HOW IT IS TO BE BUILT.
9. REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-JESUIT.—(Continued.)
10. WENSLEY. (Continued.)
11. THE AMERICAN IDEAL WOMAN.
12. MR. COLLIER'S FOLIO SHAKSPEARE OF 1632—ITS MOST PLAUSIBLE MSS. CORRECTIONS.
13. THE LIFE OF A DOG.
14. BARTLEBY, THE SCRIVENER; a story of Wall Street.
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17. EDITORIAL NOTES.

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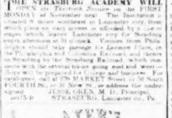

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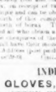

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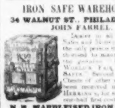

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## Selected Poetry.

### BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

BY HERBERT INGALLS.

The seasons have held a dozen years
Will-o'-the-wisps and phases,
And leaves on looking with unsure
In some familiar faces.
The loose that lighted boyhood's years
In dull decay have vanished,
And hopes that gilded early dreams
Have long ago been banished.
Where is the little maid, whose trend
Was like the arc of summer,
And who, when'er the place or time,
Was still a welcome comer?
Her hand was softer on your brow
Than off the poet's harvest,
And oft your fancy pictured wings
Beneath her plain apparel.
Say, has she left our dull earth,
And flown to realms of fairy?
She's ensured to ugly and portion,
And—tends her husband's diary!

Where is the boy that marshaled us
In all the pomp of battle,
And led us to slow fights
Amid the cannon's rattle?
Alas! his military zeal
Is hardly up to snuff,
He wonders what is all the fuss,
He is so much a hero,
He has not been a conquering clime,
To lead victorious armies,
He's "settled down," and any boy
Will tell you when he thrives.

The school-day statements, too, that tend
The cruising stage to remedy,
Who gave patience harrowing
So unendly and lonely
That one gone to the Senate yet,
He's made no valued raising,
He's not orator or judge,
And Ambition will be neither.
Another one who hoped to be
A "ministered poet,"
Who thought he had the genuine fire,
And meant that world should know it,
Where is he now, and is his lyre
Unwreathed with late's victorious?
And is his name encircled upon
The list that fame retains glorious?
Though he was exiled a rising star
He still adorns the nadir,
And all the books he's penned forever
Are not inside of the leader

Than all the flattering thoughts of youth.
Time passes at a decrease
They wither like the autumn leaf,
They fly as flies a vision
Who—let them go—the world must move,
I wish ladies with the fashion.
For years must pass—all things must change,
In vain we make resistance
But let us drop a single tear
For days that are departed,
And give a single heart-throb there
Where on life's new sea we launched
Yes—let us keep the memory yet
Of joys and hopes we cherished,
Although their fruit and shadowy have
Have long since died and perished.

*Portland Transcript*

## Selected Sketch.

### SECRETS EXPOSED.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

All who are in the habit of reading the London Times, must be familiar with a class of advertisements, of which one appears from time to time, consisting of what are mere appearance of words, and therefore utterly unintelligible to the public at large. We readily suppose that one of the inscrutable compositions in a communication from some person to some person, significant to them by virtue of some previous understanding, but designed or supposed to every other person. We generally pass them over quickly, as meaningless, which it would be vain to dwell upon; reflecting, at the most—"Well, there is some one who will look eagerly for this singular matter, and perhaps look brighter when it comes: we are not of the number. Let to see, how are stocks?" and so we turn the leaf, and think of them no more. There is, however, an ingenious person of our acquaintance, who, being fond, as he says, of a cipher, writing which may serve for the case of the public in connection with a certain pebble mode of communication, has condescended to look into these strange advertisements, with a view to ascertain whether there was a plan of which he may avail himself; and he has constituted to interpret all which he has as yet studied. He finds them, indeed, much less recondite than could have been expected, or he says so—the fact possibly being, that what proves easy to his penetrating mind, might be troublesome enough to many other people. However this may be, he has obligingly shown us several of the letters, with their translations, and the keys to the ciphers which they are written; and he has added to the favor by allowing us to bring them forward here for the purpose of affording a little, as we hope, of innocent amusement.

So lately as last Saturday,—13th August, 1853—the following appeared in the ninth column of the Times:

—KENSINGTON.—Fine fly sqtr at chpdh xmo yngr engagg as tmkkngs as he iggnoddon may as hse pooftmnthas wyth ay any or fly pnjppr Rout tme ways zefpr dulpeghgy sgt Rout omstsr ay mgrpghgvlbgf rtmk dyehkrs-fome.

The enigma seems to the unpractised mind impenetrable. After we learn that it is very common, in writing of this kind, merely to take, instead of each letter, some other at a certain distance from it along an endless chain of the alphabet, it is not difficult at least to make a tolerably hopeful effort to solve the mystery. Our friend takes, we shall say, *G* for *one*, and so finds the three letters down a vertical row. Then from each he makes a series of the letters of the alphabet following that one, as follows:—

f u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
g v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d

Casting his eye along these lines, he seeks for a vertical row forming an English word, and soon finds at the fourteenth place toward the west which chances to be the only independent word presented. He, therefore, at once determines that the principle of this cipher is to take instead of each real letter, the fourth letter backward in an endless alphabetic chain—thus, *one* and *twelve* making up the number of the letters of the English alphabet. He finds, on applying the principle, that a sensible piece of composition results—namely, the following:

—Kensington.—That the last of your uncle's mind should be followed in his education, and on his destination in life, is one of the maxims which has been often repeated, but which cannot be admitted without many restrictions.

Thus he becomes sure that the right principle has been hit upon. Only it appears that in their case there has been nothing concerned beyond a whimsical exercise of ingenuity between two persons; for on the ensuing Wednesday, after this paper had been written, another article of the correspondence appeared, of which the following is the interpretation:

—KENSINGTON.—Your cipher is made out; and I feel such great maxims should be written in plain English, that all might benefit.

We can only say that we heartily echo the sentiment.

Sometimes the transposition of the letters in on a more difficult plan. In the Times of the 30th last, the following appeared:

—Ghrl—dandrugff—hqdy—nkqdy—ol ihqy—Kinkerqdy—Ehk gz—dnoy—Ehdk—ky—ozgr—jngyrankhg—Kzolgy—pzsknl—yl—tnkzm. Ghdk—hzsdy—ls—engl zn—nzm—ozn—ny—nzc Khzlgdy.

Here the first seven letters of the alphabet are represented each by the one seventh from it in advance—*a* by *h*, *b* by *i*, and so on. While the next seven in their turn are represented by the first seven—*h* by *a*, *i* by *b*, and so on. Then the next six are represented by the last six—*o* by *a*, *p* by *z*, and so on—and the last not by the second last but by *y*, *q* by *x*, and so on. The result is this:

—Wife.—Thousand thanks. Blessings, darling kind Fanny. Your letter no sole consolation during voyage. We are off. Never doubt my love for you. God bless you, darling.

Troublesome, however, as this cipher is, it seems to have been solved, for on the 11th of the same month appeared the following:

—Wilkie, your letter is again guessed! Try once more!—Fanny.

On the 1st of July last, the following appeared in the Times:

—"Ab wkmrmz hd zvggri nfsz zimhlmrw ax hfthimrz gl slmdd xh rilgrsih rhcvw rmmsdrtsg fh tmfi gvsn rm ozvd gmg yovhdzrw hzmrlh gdsv lfd wirmg ry.—gzsvs dv nzl rmervw mmml-zgv ihlm mkhmv ih gvmhlm.—ozmmv Rh ivhgvi rh hzmsh wvhgvhrhrz, hxr hzmmh ozt zmv. Rh ylgzvzh vh gsr vmvzg vih. Ir wivmsrmvw zg ivg gszs rm gsr vzzg vih. Ir ivhgvi hd vh zigzvi zsgvi ozmmvt lif, nig rvcm rm wvzgs zh gsr zhrvcm dih zsdvw yvzhv r zimvw Dzgv gf sr zh lsgvm zh hfr zmv zh rg rh vmhmh kvvihfv.—zmv hfi hvmmv.—Ed.

You may try this mystery on the same principle as the preceding; but you will find every effort fail. It is evidently composed on some different plan. Well, how to find this out? For this purpose it is necessary to bear in mind a few peculiarities of the English language. *E* is the most frequent letter. The double consonants most frequent are *ll* and *ss*. The consonants most common at the ends of words are *n*, *s*, and *r*. The most commonly doubled in our language are *e*, *s*, *l*, and *o*. The letters that most commonly follow double vowels are *r*, *n*, and *t*. The initial and single letters, serving as words are *A*, *I*, and *O*. These are facts generally applicable in the learner's